

## The World

JOSEPH PULITZER.

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## WORLD'S OCTOBER GAINS.

In the total number of WORLDS printed there was a gain over October, 1891, of

2,073,782.

The gain per day in the average number of papers printed was

66,896.

The gain in the number of advertisements printed during the month was

9,254.

The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

Another record broken.

To-day's reports close the controversy.

What are you going to do about Christmas?

Now let the sway of football be undisturbed.

Thanksgiving two weeks from tomorrow.

A political New Year will shortly be ushered in.

McKinley joins McGinty at the bottom of the sea.

Only four months more of Democratic waiting, and then!

The Chicago Exposition will be opened by a Democratic President.

The next President must be a Democrat.—The World, Jan. 1st.

It was a regular where was last cyclone for Ben and the brethren.

Those foreign Consuls that came home to vote may as well stay at home now.

What a glorious sight will be presented in Washington City on March 4th next.

Baby Rums to Baby McKee: "My papa is a bigger man than your grandpa."

A great many questions were settled yesterday—some of them let us hope for ever.

The columns of election returns are strewn with the fragments of broken records.

Evidently a majority of the American voters do not believe that "the foreigner pays the duty."

Theatrical managers rejoice that the election is over. Now they expect their business to boom.

On the second trial of the case of The People vs. McKinley et al. the original judgment was affirmed.

Paris had its bomb yesterday with fatal results. But it was nothing to the one that exploded over here.

The political harmony of Brooklyn and New York indicates that the Greater New York may yet be possible.

Every admirer of true and lovely womanhood rejoices that Mrs. Cleveland is to return to the White House as its mistress.

The Duke of Marlborough, being found dead in his bed at Blenheim Palace, has furnished his last sensation to the American "400," or more.

Not content with defying public sentiment many of the editors of Republican morning papers have defied the arithmetic in their calculations.

In spite of New York's tremendous majority the editors of the Republican morning papers appeared this morning to be in a doubtful state.

Several other things have happened besides election within the last few days.

Don't let your politics interfere with your setting down a bright mark for the heroic Pilot Island lighthouse-keeper, MARTIN KRUTZER, who saved by his own hand the lives of two entire crews of as many stranded vessels.

## A GREAT VICTORY.

The news given to the people last night in the extra editions of THE EVENING WORLD and confirmed by the reports we publish to-day told of a great victory, of a great gain, of a pregnant incident in our National history.

The result of the election is not a mere temporary or accidental triumph of one party over another. It is a final judgment rendered by the people on questions which have come up before them on previous tests with a doubtful decision.

The former election of CLEVELAND was achieved by so narrow a margin as almost to reduce it to the rank of an accident. The succeeding victory of HARRISON in 1888 was almost equally indecisive.

Now, after four years' pondering over these results, after reading their meaning in the light of subsequent events, the American people, after a full, fair and free discussion of every point, after a campaign of exceptional dignity, and in an election unclouded by any suspicion of improper methods on the part of the winners, have made a decision which is essentially final and unmistakable.

They have declared that they do not want a McKinley bill or a Force bill, that they will not submit to have their politics controlled by plutocracy and their elections decided by boodle, and that the people can safely be trusted to manage their own political affairs without Federal dictation. They have declared in favor of Tariff Reform, and of Civil Service reform, and of local self government, and of honest money, and of economy in expenditures as the cardinal principles of Government, and above all they have placed themselves in a position where they can enforce their wishes. What they have demanded in vain for four years, they will command for the next four years, and if they use their power wisely, for an indefinite period afterwards.

Thus will government by the people be restored to the people, and for this reason the election of yesterday will mark an epoch in the history of popular government.

## HOW THE WOMEN FEEL ABOUT IT.

Woe to the husband who voted the Harrison ticket yesterday and has a Cleveland wife strutting in triumph through his household to-day. His life will be miserable for some time to come. There is nobody on earth who can swing the "I told you so" reproach in a man's face so dextrously and dynamically as a woman can. She generally knows it all from the start, and if her advice had been taken there would be no aftermath of regret, no post-facto pangs of gloom. She predicted the result of this election the moment CLEVELAND was nominated, and husbands who walked to their doom at the polls did so with their eyes wide open and with welkin-filling warnings ringing in their ears.

Womanhood throughout the land is jubilant generally over CLEVELAND's triumph, and mankind generally rejoices a little, too, not so much because anybody is elected as because the election is over. Woman got the idea into her noddle early in this campaign that she was acquainted with the McKinley bill and knew the tariff well enough to ask her husband or brother or father about it from morning until night. She talked tariff, sang tariff, dreamed tariff and taxed the endurance of everybody that would listen to her.

Now that the election is over she will have time to wonder what it was she was talking about. In the meanwhile she must be allowed a few days in which to crow over her presence in political matters before she settles down to reading how weak she was to imagine that she could tell the difference between the tariff and stewed terrapin.

Put away the campaign's flaring torch and all its wild reproaches. And ye whose throats with hoarseness parch from torments turn to loaches.

The peaceful story of New York's election day is a merciless condemnation of the policy of hurling Pinkertonism lustily by Davenport, approved by the Republican Committee and carried out with ghoulish glee by Marshal Jackson.

Those who wish to claim the credit of having been the first to name the next President will please make up their minds at once. There is no time to be lost.

He Went.  
 [From Truck.]

Wiggs—I got hot at that stupid stage manager in the ghost scene last night, and I told him to go to thunder.

Fitties—What did he say?

Wiggs—Nothing; went behind the scenes and began to wrangle the time for all he was worth.

## HOPKINS'S TRANS-OCEANICS.

Do not blush when you admit that you like a good variety show.

Do not exclaim tragically, "Shades of Shakespeare! I am sorry to confess that I do like variety," for Shakespeare, who was a jolly good fellow, probably enjoyed it himself, and consequently wouldn't sympathize with you.

Do not pay any attention at all to the silly cynics who tell you that by patronizing variety shows you are paving the way for the deterioration of the drama.

A variety show has no more to do with the drama than chalk has to do with cheese. To be sure, they may be found on the same stage, but you know you can buy both prussic acid and soothing syrup from the apothecary, and they are not precisely the same. If you happen to be born in a stable, you will not of necessity be a horse.

Look with suspicion at those who cannot enjoy a good comic song or find amusement in the antics of a pair of twinkling feet. There is something wrong about their constitution. For all you know they may have the taste of the criminal in their blood, for if you can laugh heartily you are not wholly wicked, and a heap of reasoning may be evolved from that statement. The fools who are injured by variety should be put in glass cases and labelled "Dangerous, yet amusing." Just as though the drama was some puny growth that needed to be watched in the coverings of caution. The drama is a potent truth, and stands alone. There are, however, varied forms of entertainment. One swallow ever yet made a summer. Of course, I know that these statements of mine will be delicately misconstrued by those who write misconstructions as much as a line, and that I shall be held forth as the enemy of the legitimate and the champion of the trivial. To these misconstructions, in the language of Bunthorne, I say simply and amiably "Bah! Bah!"

Yes, I own that I enjoyed Hopkins's Trans-oceanic Star Specialty Company at Proctor's last night. I gloriied over many of the features. They were so good and so amusing. Without insulting Paderewski and others, I confess that the musical efforts of the Dixon brothers pleased me. It is a police examination, says Dr. Smith, Mr. Smith told his servant Fritz to bring this book for him to write his name.

"I have already registered, m'lord," said Fritz, "as an English gentleman of independent means."

"But I've never told you my name, so how do you know what it is?"

"I copied it from m'lord's portmanteau," answered Fritz.

"Why, isn't it on my portmanteau?" cried Mr. Smith, "bring the book and let me see what you have put down."

The book was brought, and Mr. Smith, to his amusement, discovered that his clever servant had described him as:

"Monsieur Warranted Solid Leather!"

Frances obeyed instructions. When little Frances went to her last child's party she was carefully instructed by her mamma what she could eat, says *Harper's Bazar*. Among other things she was allowed to eat just three spoonfuls of ice cream.

When Frances's mamma next met the mamma of the little girl who gave the party the latter said:

"Your Frances is a very remarkable child."

"What was so careful about what she should eat, and I noticed that she took just three spoonfuls of ice cream and then pushed her saucer away, remarking that she was only allowed to eat that much. I think that was a rare piece of self-denial in so young a person."

Indeed, I don't think I could have resisted the temptation to eat the whole cucumber myself even now, and even if I had known it would injure me. Frances is fond of ice cream, too, isn't she?"

"Oh, yes, very," replied Frances's mamma; "but she can always be trusted in matters of that kind."

Just then the little girl came in with her nurse, and her mamma said:

"Frances, I am much pleased to hear how carefully you obeyed me in not eating more than three spoonfuls of ice cream at the party."

"Yes," replied Frances; "and I wouldn't have eaten more free 'poonfuls if you hadn't told me to, 'cause de ice cream wasn't good."

A Useless Animal.

A Detroit man who takes great delight in his possession of a horse that can go in 2:30 was halted by a friend the other afternoon while he was rapidly driving along Jefferson avenue, says the *Detroit Free Press*.

"I can't stop," he sang out; "I've got to catch that 2:30 train."

About half an hour later the friend met him again.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "I thought you were going away on that 2:30 train."

"I was, but I missed it!"

"The friend became grave.

"Why don't you sell that horse?" he inquired.

"What do I want to sell him for?" asked the owner indignantly.

"For anything you can get."

"I mean I'd sell him. I wouldn't keep a horse like that."

No Trouble About That.

Editor—Yes; I'd like to sell you my paper. Stranger—I'd like to buy it, sir, but I don't know how to manage one.

Editor—That doesn't matter. Your subscribers will tell you all about that.

Won't Be Caught Out in the Rain.

[From Life.]

Romane de Bont-Pulson Call is under a cloud just now.

Upon down—Well, you may trust him to steal an umbrella before the storm breaks.

## PICKED UP HERE AND THERE.

Photographs of Daily Life All Over the Country.

All Men Cowards in the Dark.

"It has been said that all men are cowards in the dark," remarked Peyton T. West, who called upon the Story-Tellers Club to do his turn, says the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

"I am half inclined to believe the saying true. I was in the British army when a young man, and was stationed for some time in India. One night, an old campaigner who had won his spurs in the Crimea, became involved in a difficulty with a fellow officer who was well high jammed with a fair wife, and a duel was the result."

"The Colonel, being the challenged party, selected pistols for the weapons and elected that the affair should occur in a dark room. We secured a room twenty feet square, closed every crevice that would admit light, placed our men in corners diagonally opposite and withdrew."

"Each man was provided with three charges and when the two were exhausted we rushed in to gather up the mutilated remains. Each man stood erect, and soldier-like in his corner untouched, but directly behind the head of the aggrieved husband were the three bullet holes made by the Colonel's pistol."

"How is this?" said a grizzled old Major. "Had you been standing here when those shots were fired you would have been killed."

"The culprit was content to admit that he had dropped to one knee. 'You are a coward, sir, and unfit for the company of soldiers and gentlemen,' snorted the Major."

"Hold on, Major," said the Colonel. "It is a stand-off. While he was on his knee in one corner I was on my stomach in the other."

Copied the Name from His Grip.

Mr. Smith, an English traveler, arrived one evening at a hotel in Austria. On the way he had picked up a smart German and hired him as a servant. In Austria every one staying at a hotel is obliged to register his name and occupation in a book, which is kept for police examination, says *Dr. Smith*, Mr. Smith told his servant Fritz to bring this book for him to write his name.

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History of a Meal.

It is believed by some that the word dinner springs from a corruption of the word "dix-huit," indicating the time at which in the old Norman days this meal was taken. The mere idea of having dinner at the table for four or six in the morning would in all probability send a modern chef into a fit, yet it was at this early time that persons of quality, both in England and France, partook of the meal. Froissart mentions waiting upon the Duke of Lancaster at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, after he had supped, and during the reigns of Francis I. and Louis XII. of France fashionable people dined at 10:30 and supped at the latest at 6 o'clock in the evening. And again, from a Northernland household book bearing date 1512, we learn that the family rose at 6 o'clock, breakfasted at 7, dined at 8, supped at 9, and the gates at 10 p. m.

At 4 and 11, did no dine till 12, while his contemporaries, Cromwell and Charles II., took the meal at 1. In 1703 the hour was advanced to 2, and in 1751 the Duchess of Somerset's dinner time was 3. In 1760, however, speaks of 4 o'clock as the then fashionable time. After the battle of Waterloo 6 p. m. was the time at which the beau monde took their substantial meal, while at the present day many of the nobility do not dine until 8 or 9.

The Romans, in the time of Cicero and Augustus, took breakfast from 3 to 4 in the morning, a luncheon at 12 or 1, and at about 3 o'clock the cena or principal meal of the day, corresponding with our dinner. Concomitantly with our dinner, however, currently, we read of some not dining until sunset. A Roman dinner at the house of a wealthy man consisted chiefly of three courses. All sorts of stimulants to the appetite were first served up, and eggs were indispensable to the first course. Among the various dishes we may instance the gulfus, hen, pheasant, nightingale and the thrush as birds most in repute. The Roman gourmands held peacocks in great estimation, especially their tongues. Macrobius states that they were first eaten by Hortensius, the orator, and acquired such repute that a single peacock was sold at 80 denarii, the draught being equal to about 17 cents of our money.

MARY MAPS DOBBS.

and blood tale—Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates—which made her famous, it being not only translated into Dutch, but other languages.

Before Mrs. Dodge was appointed editor of *St. Nicholas* she served an apprenticeship with Mrs. Stone, an assiduous and diligent writer of *Heaven and Home*. To-day the vivacious, retiring lady of middle life goes to her office in the Century Building and, in the supervision of the intricate machinery of the great juvenile periodical, she labors as many hours and more intensely than some of her subordinates.

## HOUSE AND HOME

She Edits "St. Nicholas."



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